At the Washington house, the servants danced a cake-walk for me—the coloured cook, a magnificent typ*;, who " took the cake," saying, " that was because I chose a good handsome boy to dance with, Missie."

They sang too. Their voices were beautiful—with Midi illimitable power, yet as sweet as treacle.

The little page-boy had a pet of a woolly hear]. Henry once g&ve him a tip—*' fee," as they call it in Amerva—and said : ** There, that's for a new wig when this one is worn out," gently pulling the astrakhan-like hair. The tip would have bought him many wigs, I think !

*' Why, Uncle Torn, how your face shines to-night! " said my hostess to one of the very old servants.

" Yes, Missie, glycerine and rose-water, Missic ! "

He had taken some from her drising-trtMe to <?hine up his face in honour of me! *A* shiny complexion is considered to be a great beauty among the negroes ! The dear old man! He was very bent an<l very old ; and looked like one of the logs that he used to bring in for the fire—a log from some hoary, licheaed tree who*e life was long since past. He would produce pin from his head when you wanted one ; he had them stuck in his pad of wliite woolly hair: "Always liandy then, Misaie," he would say.

" Ask them to sing ' Sweet Violets,' Uncle Tom."

He was acting as a sort of master of the ceremonies at the entertainment the servants were giving me.

" Don't think they know dat, Miss Oily/'

" Why, I heard them singing it the other night! " And

she hummed the tune,
" Oh, dat was ' Sweet Vio-fafe/ Miss Oily! "
Washington was the first city I had seen in America
where the people did not hurry, and where the social life
did not seem entirely the work of women.
Th$